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Title: My Journal

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I was born and raised in the city of Moonshade, a part of Vasculio. Then I was taken to this place, where I am a prisoner of He Who Was Dead -- Vasculio. Vasculio survives beyond death! He does drink blood out of the living to keep himself alive. Hence his great thirst for fresh blood. His corpse is animated by means of spells and the Forbidden Reagent. I am his prisoner, fettered worse than a wild beast, manacled by mine hands and feet by day and by night. My blood is so vital to him that he is afraid I could break away. How could I in this cage. At times, I feel like survival is a meaningless word. I am exhausted. He has been awakening me at all hours of the already too short night, thereby robbing me of mine all too brief night's slumber.

This week I managed to write more. I feel better than last month but still weak. All through these interminable weeks in this cage, I have suffered from chronic weariness. I do not believe escape is possible. I have seen Death face to face and she has seen me. I am more than ever determined to continue to struggle for survival, for this is the primary

instinct of the animal.

The following week: I am losing track of time. I can track seven day periods but do not seem to recall any other relevant information; seasons and days are not part of my realm. Like life, they escape me. Am I less than an animal? This deranged mage, frantically seeking the lost secrets of Ophidian magic, certainly treats me as such. Actually, I do not feel anything anymore. I may live like an animal, but in my mind I am a man. I still think and write, therefore I exist. If this journal survives me and thou art reading it, regardless of the time elapsed, then I am alive. I am alive because my thoughts are alive.

Today, fifth day of this present week, I am going to tell three more about the twisted Vasculio. He boasts that his magical powers are too great to be defeated by mere mortals. I have to tell thee that he was executed in Moonshade for practicing spells too diabolical for Man. His powerful magic allowed him to continue living as a liche. Also, I shall share this with thee, so that thou mayest make good use of it: Remember that no information hath value until thou dost test it. My words, hereunder, will guide thine understanding. Vasculio hath been experimenting with eternal life theories. Once, he stumbled upon a magic formula which, when used with the blood of an innocent, allowed a dead

body to live longer.  
Moments before his  
execution he intoned the  
spell to keep his body  
living. Later he escaped  
from his coffin and  
traveled to Skullcrusher.  
Why Skullcrusher, thou  
askest? The answer is  
simply because he knew  
there was a second  
source for Stoneheart.  
Stoneheart is the prime  
ingredient of Bloodspawn,  
here in these caverns.

These is also another  
important reason. Vasculio  
knew that his enemies,  
the Mages of Moonshade,  
would never follow him  
here. Seventh day of the  
present week. This undying  
sorcerer doth spend his  
time researching new  
spells. He is convinced  
that great magical  
secrets lie beyond the  
sealed entrances. He  
detects great power and  
magic in these areas.  
Vasculio hath not been  
able to locate the Grand  
Shrine within the great  
labyrinth beneath the  
Skullcrusher Peaks. I  
could tell thee that he  
stores provisions to  
support his allies, the  
man-eating Gwani. But  
this is not out of  
charity for the, for he  
also lives on with their  
blood. At this point I  
must stop writing for I  
can hear Vasculio howling  
in the tunnels. This is a  
sign that he is coming  
for me once more...